

THE ARGUS

THE DAILY UNION

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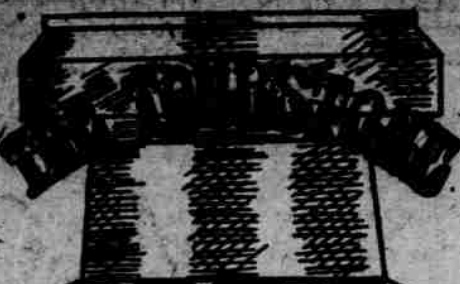
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HERE LIES HIS ANCIENT ENEMY, DULL CARE, WHO DEWENTERS THE UNLOVED CUBS.

THE BUDDING FINANCIER.

He likes to play he's "paper boy";
It is the biggest joke
To him, when I would faint enjoy
An after-dinner smoke,
The evening papers to obtain
And, eye ashine with glee,
March from the room and back again
To peddle them to me.

In times past I could promptly pay
For every purchase made;
He "made-believe"—a simple way—
That he was fully paid.
One must admit that I've used tact
But now, I sadly fear,
He wants to show me it's a fact
That he's a financier.

Last night I gave the kid a cent,
Which certainly was rash
Of me—it set a precedent
That he must sell for cash!
And here's a thing that makes it tough:
(I'm in an awful fix!)
To buy one paper's not enough—
I must buy five or six!

Until tomorrow I would shirk
One payment, I declared.
The credit system didn't work,
For this is how I fared:
He left the room, came right back and,
With coldly formal bow,
Announced, as he stretched forth his hand,
"Well, it's tomorrow now."

And "Then—Came the Bride?" O-o-o-o-o,
You Kid!

(From the Poet's Star).

On the evening of Oct. 9, 1920, at 8:30
o'clock in the town of Galva, Ill., there
was solemnized as beautiful a wedding
as one could ever see in an American home.

Dr. William F. Larkin, accompanied by Dr. Richard V. Tivnan, sung Handel's "Because," and as every word of that magical song came home to our hearts, we dreamed again how perfect love might be, and there was a prayer and a hope with us all, that for these two life's cup of joy would be full to overflowing.

When we heard the Lohengrin wedding march we knew that the bride party would descend the vine-wreathed stairway and our hearts beat fast, for all the world loves lovers—and never was a bride more dearly loved than Lucille Hayes.

The procession was led by Mary Louise Fenton and Ruth Pierce, who carried the broad white ribbons which made a lover's lane to the bridal altar. Thomas Philip Oetigan, with his brother, John Frank Oetigan, came down the stairway together, then the matron of honor, Mrs. John Frank Oetigan, carrying in her arms wonderful roses.

Ralph W. E. Hayes descended alone and waited at the foot of the staircase for his beautiful daughter.

Then—came the bride!
She was robed in "such stuff as dreams are made of," satin duchesse with silver embroidered tulle. She was crowned with orange blossoms, from which floated behind her, the filmy, wedding veil. There was, of course, the something old, and something new, something borrowed and something blue.

The "old" keepsake was a beautiful bracelet, which had belonged to Lucille's grandmother, Mrs. Matilda Hayes. Around her neck there was a tiny white silk cord, from which depended a wonderful pendant of diamonds set in platinum. On the reverse side was a tiny watch. This was the gift of Mr. Oetigan to his bride.

Little Loretta White and Earle Yocum, Jr., were the train bearers. A happy incident that occurred soon after the ceremony was when the friends outside, feeling that no wedding was complete without a charivari, begged to see the bride. Mrs. Oetigan graciously came out on the balcony and gave them a fleeting glimpse of her own sweet self.

No, that wasn't all of it; there was more—much more. But our composer was growing delicious and we stopped there to quiet him.

THE Trib's memory test column declares that in every league there are three knots.

ARTICLE X is one—what are the other two?

R. E. M'G.

HEALTH TALKS
BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.

How They Come to Grief.
In a recent 1800-mile automobile tour I happened to be the first doctor on the scene in three instructive disasters. And now that the automobile is coming to be one of our big killers it may be worth while to consider the preventable causes of these three particular accidents.

The first one occurred in a large city. A driver had ahead signaled that he intended to turn a left corner. He was going along at a speed of about twenty miles an hour and slowed down very little for the turn. He turned a very pretty left corner, just a trifle too much to the left, and a little flivver scooting hitherward from the left on the side street could not avoid colliding with our road hog. Fortunately, only a few hundred dollars' worth of material damage was done, aside from the ruffled temper of the flivver's captain. At a corner is the place of all places where a driver ought to stick to his side of the road and leave plenty of room for the unforeseen coming down the left street. Yet so many drivers do love to sweep around a left corner, cutting off the room that unforeseen may unexpectedly demand!

Event No. 2 was rather more foolish and also more serious. A big car with an optimum speed of 35 miles an hour gained on a small car with an optimum speed of 25 miles. The big fellow had a very good horn, for he gave it to me and I gave him plenty of room. But for some reason he didn't waste a signal on the little car ahead—he just tried to slip past. The driver of the little car, however, at that moment averted sharply over to the middle of the road, and in a jiffy the big car was trying to climb a tree over in the field. Some ugly cuts by the shattered windshield were the mementoes carried away by the front seat occupants of the big car. They will use the signal next time they try to pass even the most insignificant bus.

Too cheap—might as well use one and be sure. I am glad to say the innocent party of this set-to came off without any damage.

The final demonstration was most spectacular of all. Number of cars climbing a long, moderate up-grade. Brand new bus, young driver, bored by the pace, lit out. Passed two

or three cars on the way up. Esayed to beat out the last just below the brow of the hill. But, alas, you never can tell what may be coming over the brow of the hill. The "hurry-up" boy attained the brow and found one car stopped on the right of the road and another speeding toward him on the left. He had to go into the ditch. The car turned over. Kept me nearly an hour nursing the two wounded. Moral: Pass nothing till you are over the hill.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
No Tapeworms Need Apply.
What are the first symptoms of a tapeworm?
Answer—The person who harbors a tapeworm usually experiences no symptoms, not even the enormous appetite popularly deemed a sign of such infestation. Tapeworm hosts are usually normal in weight and overweight, not skinny, as the popular notion has it. The diagnosis of tapeworm infestation is made by finding segments of the worm or tapeworm eggs (microscope) and no other symptoms warrant the diagnosis. The most efficacious verminicides against this parasite happen to be poisons to the human host and therefore the treatment demands the skill of a physician. Blindness has been caused by the incautious use of remedies against tapeworm. Worse still, disastrous poisoning has been produced by ill-advised self-treatment, when as a matter of fact, no parasite was present at all.

Is it possible to correct astigmatism by exercising the eyes?
Answer—No. Astigmatism is an imperfection in the shape of the eyeball or rather an unevenness, and it is as unchangeable as the shape of the nose.

100 Per Cent Superstition.
I was stopped from helping my sister can pass, merely because I happened to be menstruating. I think it is just superstition but...
Answer—It is 100 per cent superstition. However, the whole subject of sex hygiene and reproduction, being kept within the realm of the unknown so far as evil-mindedness can keep it so, is surrounded with absurd superstitions. Ignorance naturally breeds superstition, does it not?

What's In A Name?
BY MILNARD MARSHALL
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Ruth.
One of the loveliest names in the feminine category is Ruth. It comes to us shrouded in mystery and bearing the tragic sweetness of biblical story. The origin of the name has never been satisfactorily determined. Some say that it comes from a Hebrew word meaning "trembling," others that its origin lies in a word from the same language meaning "joined together," but all agree that it must have some connection with the word "reuth," signifying beauty.

As an English common noun, ruth has come to mean sorrow, pity, compassion. Whether it receives this interpretation from the story of the gentle and faithful Ruth of biblical history, is open to belief. Certainly the most famous Ruth of the ages was the lovely daughter-in-law of Naomi, who followed her into her own far country and gleaned the grain from the fields that the two might be fed. Artists have immortalized Ruth, the gleaner, standing in the fields, superb in her full-blown Hebrew beauty with the sheaves of grain clasped to her breast.

It was Ruth who voiced that exquisite promise which is synonymous with devotion in the world's famous utterances:
"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God shall be my God."
According to the biblical story, Ruth became the wife of Boaz.

No nickname has ever been evolved from Ruth. The name preserved its dignity and pathetic sweetness throughout its history. It has been adopted, in a popular sense, only by the English language. In accordance with its significance, the pearl has been assigned Ruth as her talismanic stone. Though the pearl, in this instance, probably means tears, it will undoubtedly produce the opposite effect upon the wearer, just as the opal ceases to be unlucky for those whose birth month is October. Pearls, worn by Ruth, will counteract her heritage to sorrow.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am so discouraged. Three years ago, when my husband and I were married, we thought he was making a good salary and that it would be easy for us to get along. He had not much reserve money because a short time before we were married he lost several thousand dollars which he had saved up and put in his brother-in-law's business, which failed. I am 30 and my husband is 33, so you can see we were old enough to marry.

My husband is conscientious and accurate. He is highly valued where he works—I mean confidence is placed in what he does, but they do not pay him a salary which could enable us to own a home of our own or raise a family. If I were in his place, it seems to me I would put up more of a fight, but he is not that way. He feels so strongly that he is right that he expects the case to be self-evident and he will not insist or argue.

I would like to have him quit and look for another job, but if he did we would have nothing to live on in the meantime. I want to go to work and help him for a while, but he says he can stand anything but that. His work is so confining that he has no chance to talk to other people or concerns during business hours.

Would you advise him to stay where he is or to quit and then hunt for a job?
Right now I would advise your husband to stay where he is until the time becomes more settled. There are times when it is easy to get a job, but right now an uncertainty hangs over the country which makes the wise man hang on to a "sure thing."

You have not mentioned your husband's kind of work. Doubtless there are magazines concerning his line. If he follows the "Want Ad" section he will be very apt to find some job which appeals to him. He can answer them by letter.

Frederic Haskin's Letter
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS.

XXI.—The Roosevelt-Parker Race of 1904.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 12.—Five times in the history of the United States has the vice president been called upon to assume the office of president. Each time the "president by accident" has endeavored to obtain election to the highest office in his own right. John Tyler, elected vice president as Whig, broke with his party and attempted to get the Democratic nomination. Millard Fillmore fought hard for the Whig nomination in 1856. Andrew Johnson, elected with Lincoln on the Union ticket in 1864, was an avowed candidate for the regular Democratic nomination in 1868. Chester A. Arthur used all the force of the administration to bring about his nomination in 1884, but was defeated by Blaine's great popularity.

These were the precedents which called to mind when Theodore Roosevelt became president of the United States upon the death of William McKinley. If there was anything in the world which Theodore Roosevelt did not respect it was a precedent. From the beginning it was his purpose to break the bonds of the vice presidential hoodoo. No less a captain than Senator Hanna began to plot for the defeat of Roosevelt in the Republican convention of 1904. The old line Republican leaders feared Roosevelt and they hoped to stop his program. But Mr. Hanna died, and the anti-Roosevelt politicians could find no leader willing to be sacrificed. "Teddy" was popular all over the country, the nation was more prosperous than ever before in its history, and everybody was saying, "Let well enough alone."

So it came about that the Republican convention which met in Chicago was the most important of the national convention ever held by that party. The nomination of Mr. Roosevelt was assured, and everybody had agreed on Mr. Fairbanks for second place before the convention was well organized. It was the only Republican national convention in which not one single question was contested on the floor. The national committee had promised to give Chicago a three-days' convention, and it was only to fulfill that promise that the convention lasted more than two days.

Democratic Disagreement.
Such harmony was not the portion of the poor Democrats. While Mr. Bryan still held a great personal following among the voters of his party, the politicians looked upon him as a sure loser. He was not a candidate for the nomination, nor would he espouse the cause of any other candidate. He did, however, insist that the nominee should not be taken from that faction of the party which had been out of accord with the majority of Democrats since the Cleveland days.

Alton B. Parker had been elected chief judge of the court of appeals of New York state by a great majority in the year after McKinley had swept the state. A man of ability, with a good record on the bench and in politics, the politicians looked to him as a Democratic Moses. Segment did not crystallize on Parker, however, as they saw that it was necessary to agree upon some one candidate to head off the stampede for William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst was making an earnest campaign for the nomination, and was expending money and spilling printers' ink without stint. A coterie of New York Democrats of great wealth, headed by August Belmont, backed the Parker boom with plenty of money.

When the convention met at St. Louis it was practically certain that Parker would be nominated, but it was also certain that there would be a great fight on the platform. In the committee on resolutions the radicals and the conservatives once more met in pitched battle. Mr. Bryan and ex-Senator David Bennett Hill were the generals of the opposing forces. After a long drawn-out fight it was agreed that the platform should be silent on the question of the gold standard. A tariff plank prepared by Mr. Bryan was inserted. The committee was unanimous on the report. Out of what seemed to be implacable enmity there had come perfect peace.

The Silver Ghost Again.
Next day the peace and tranquility turned to anger and chagrin. The Democrats were preparing to nominate their candidate for vice president when it was thrown into a whirl by the rumor that Judge Parker had telegraphed "that he would not accept the nomination unless the platform declared the gold standard." A great commotion was caused when a newspaper extra with a telegram from scattered across the hall. In a moment the entire hall was in a commotion. The Democrats were in a panic. The platform was not a platform, it was a disaster. The Democrats were in a panic. The platform was not a platform, it was a disaster.

The convention soon found Judge Parker had only one idea in mind, the gold standard, and that it was not a platform, it was a disaster. The Democrats were in a panic. The platform was not a platform, it was a disaster. The Democrats were in a panic. The platform was not a platform, it was a disaster.

Mr. Bryan led the fight against the platform. He rose from his bed, eluded his nurse and appeared in the convention in the wee hours of the morning. His face was husky and his face was white but he fought to the last. He voted down, as he had done every time in the whole convention, the platform which declared the gold standard. The Democrats were in a panic. The platform was not a platform, it was a disaster.

Never was a campaign more complete failure as the Democrats' canvass of 1904. Yet the result was a triumph for the Democrats. Many newspapers supported him and there was such a Roosevelt outcry from the conservatives that the issue was decided to be very doubtful. The end of the campaign, however, the Roosevelt enthusiasm, white heat and the Parker following grew colder and colder.

Judge Parker at the very end of the canvass took up the cause which were being made against the Republicans and newspapers embodied them in a speech, which created a great sensation. He charged that George B. Cortelyou as secretary of commerce and labor, had obtained possession of information concerning the conduct of great business concerns; that the same Cortelyou, as chairman of the national Republican committee, was using this information to extort money from big business men to use in his campaign.

To that charge President Roosevelt replied in one of the most remarkable political utterances ever delivered. He said it was a time seemed to be in doubt, to the subject as he went on. Mr. Roosevelt's reply was against the wishes and in spite of the appeals of nearly every member of the Republican leadership. Judge Parker was unable to produce his assertions the Roosevelt's assertions sent the whole country with enthusiasm and the Democrats hoped died dead.

The result was an overwhelming victory for Roosevelt. He was elected by the greatest popular majority ever given to any president. His plurality was over a million and a half millions more than total vote for Lincoln in 1864. Mr. Kinley, four years before, had received a popular plurality of about \$50,000. Roosevelt received over 400,000 more votes than McKinley yet his plurality was a million and a half greater. Judge Parker received a little over five million votes, a falling off of over the million and a quarter from the vote cast for Bryan in 1900. The poll lists made great gains. The total vote of the whole country was nearly a million less than in 1900. All of which goes to prove that nobody can tell what will happen in a presidential campaign until after it has already happened.

Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Reporter, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. All inquiries will be answered promptly, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

Q. Seeing your answer in one million dollar bills, would you like to know the height they would reach if placed one on top another. G. W. U.
A. The treasury department says that a million dollar bills stacked one upon another would be 212.5 feet high.

Q. Which are the seven seas referred to in literature? G. B. C.
A. According to Kipling's poem of that title, the seven seas include the North and South Atlantic, Arctic, Antarctic and Indian oceans.

Q. To settle a dispute, please publish the date of the death of President Wilson's first wife, and when did he marry? W. M. K.
A. President Wilson's first wife died Aug. 6, 1914. He was married to Edith Bolling Galt on Dec. 18, 1915.

Q. Please give a description of the first airplane that actually flew. W. A. H.
A. The first practical airplane was made by Orville and Wilbur Wright of Dayton, Ohio. This machine weighed a little over 200 pounds, and when tested on Dec. 17, 1903, at the Kill Devil hills near Kitty Hawk, N. C., made four successful flights, in one of which the aeroplane rose of its own power, remained in the air for a time of 59 seconds, and traveled for a distance of 852 feet.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

By Alice Handley.
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"Good heavens, girls, am I late? Has half hour been called yet?" And Helen, all out of breath, made a hasty entrance to the dressing room.

The girls paid little or no attention to this excited little damsel as she tossed her hat on the rack. Irene gazed at her in the mirror as she was about to put the final touch of rouge to her dimpled cheeks to bring out the youthful charm of her demure little face.

"You had better hurry, Helen, if you intend making the opening number."

"They'll never hold the curtain for you, old dear, if you continue to hold that million dollar letter you have there very much longer," cautioned Vera with an air of self-importance.

"I suppose the king of Scotland sent you his will, or maybe he is coming to propose to you," sighed Vera, at the same time glancing toward Helen with her suspicious gray eyes.

Helen since the show played New Haven. Really, I'm so happy I'm sitting on the front doorsteps of heaven—covering the wonderful little smile with a huge dab of cold cream.

"Well, make the best of his visit—that's what I generally do when a sweetie of mine pops in on me unexpectedly," came a musical voice from the extreme end of the room.

"You see, girls, Jack asked me to invite the prettiest girl, the sweetest girl and the vampire of the show out to dinner with the boys after the performance. I wish I could invite all the girls there."

"Oh, we'll fix that part of it all right," interrupted Ethel, a starchy little maiden with a mass of bright red hair. Her tiny nose was missing anything worth while. "We'll hold a voting contest between the first and second acts and in that way there won't be any hard feelings among the fair ladies of the chorus."

Between the musical numbers during the first act several of the girls grouped about back stage, plotting and planning.

"It will be a good joke on the boys," giggled Irene. "Ethel, with her fiery red hair and her bird-like eyes, should be voted the prettiest girl, while Vera, who is 'charming' but a typical fault-finder, will be the sweetest damsel. The vampire honors go to Peggy Lee, the little country 'gal' who joined us last week in Asheville."

of the chosen girls were read by the good natured dresser, who paraded in most of their schemes and fun.

The glooms of all glooms passed over Helen. She did not approve of the picked winners, although she succeeded in hiding her feelings with one of her captivating little smiles.

It was not long after the finale of the show when Jack and the boys anxiously made their appearance at the stage door.

The Mayfair inn was their destination, a delightful, secluded spot where the fastidious banquet was in readiness to greet the merry party.